

Hobbit Drinking Medley

Peter Hollens

Oh you can search far and wide
You can drink the whole town dry
But you'll never find a beer so brown
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As the one we drink in our hometown
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You can keep your fancy ales
You can drink them by the flagon
But the only brew for the brave and true
.Comes from the Green Dragon!

Hey! Ho! to the bottle I go
To heal my heart and drown my woe
Rain may fall and wind may blow
But there still be many miles to go
Sweet is the sound of the pouring rain
And the stream that falls from hill to plain
Better than rain or rippling brook
Is a mug of beer inside this Took

Blunt the knives, bend the forks
Smash the bottles and burn the corks
Chip the glasses and crack the plates
That's what Bilbo Baggins hates!

Cut the cloth, tread on the fat
Leave the bones on the bedroom mat
Pour the milk on the pantry floor
Splash the wine on every door!
Dump the crocks in a boiling bowl
Pound them up with a thumping pole
When you're finished, if they are whole
Send them down the hall to roll
That's what Bilbo Baggins hates!

There's an inn, there's an inn, there's a merry old inn
Beneath an old grey hill
And there they brew a beer so brown
That the Man in the Moon himself came down
One night to drink his fill
The ostler has a tipsy cat
That plays a five-stringed fiddle
And up and down he saws his bow
Now squeaky high, now purring low
Now sawing in the middle
So the cat on his fiddle played hey-diddle-diddle
A jig that would wake the dead:
He squeaked and he sawed and he quickened the tune
While the landlord shook by the Man in the Moon
"It's after three!" he said
Now quicker the fiddle went deedle-dum-diddle
The dog began to roar
The cows and the horses stood on their heads
The guests all bounded from their beds
And danced upon the floor
The round Moon rolled behind the hill
As the Sun raised up her head

She hardly believed her fiery eyes
For though it was day, to her surprise
They all went back to bed